ORIGINAL CAST

(First performed, October 6, 1976)

Boston, Massachusetts

Francis Joachim	ADAM
Douglas Kandoll	SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER
Nancy Catherine Avard	JOCKO
Margaret Hougen	SHRINK
Nancy Catherine Avard	SUNDAY SCHOOL KIDS and PUNKS
Rebecca Bell	
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There's Something Wrong With You

a play by Leon Gollay

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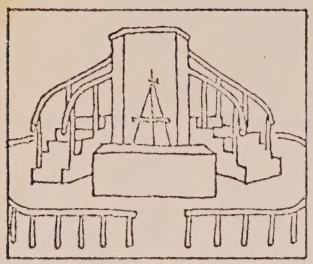
SCENE ONE: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON



STAGESETTING: The original production of these skits was performed in the sanctuary of Old West Church, Boston. The altar of that church is surrounded by a low wooden railing, broken at the front and two side aisles. A simple rectangular altar stands before the imposingly high pulpit which is approached on two sides by stairs. We used all of these fixtures, finding the change of levels dramatically interesting. All we added was an easel between the altar and the pulpit.

(The STAGEMANAGER enters, large sign under her arm. She leans it, face down, against the railing and begins.)

STAGEMANAGER: We have a modest proposal for you today. We have to say from the start that it is not a particularly fair proposal. It entails a world made of two very different kinds of people. There are fems -- and malefems. They even look different.

(Motions fem and malefem to join her on either side. During her description the fem flexes, making noisy, aggessive sounds.)

The fem wears clothing that is light, comfortable, well-suited to the fem's responsibilities of protecting, maintaining and enjoying her property. Fems run the world and they dress for it...On the other hand, malefems do not run the world. The vast majority of them would not <u>want</u> to run the world, being so clearly ill-equipped to do so. Notice the strange garb of the malefem...

(a man in a dress, he poses coolly, changing positions like a professional model)

Particularly the large opening at the bottom. Obviously this would hamper their running from danger, so malefems as a whole avoid dangerous, responsible situations. But they cleverly turn this disadvantage to their advantage. The same open-ended clothing allows easy access to parts of the leg and thigh that are a particular joy to the fem. Since from earliest childhood malefems have felt their sole contribution in life is inspiring, uplifting, nurturing the fem, this is a system that works very well. Only one thing disrupts such a system: a healthy individual.

We have such an individual. And naturally, being healthy, he has a hard time of it. We'll see how a system in which one sex is favored perpetuates itself throughout his troubled life and we begin at the beginning. With our children, our myths and our idea of of God — in the Sunday School classroom.

(STAGEMANAGER places the sign on the easel. It reads, "We Are All One in the Family of Femkind." Children and the SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, a malefem, enter and take their places, singing with great enthusiasm.)

CHILDREN and
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

JOYFUL, JOYFUL WE ADORE THEE
GOD OF GLORY, LORD OF LOVE
HEARTS UNFOLD LIKE FLOWERS BEFORE THEE
OPENING TO THE SUN ABOVE!

GOD OUR MOTHER
CHRIST OUR SISTER
ONWARD SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN
MOTHERLOVE IS REIGNING O'ER US
SISTERLOVE BINDS FEM TO FEM!

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SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Welcome girls -- and boys! That was just wonderful! Now, let's all read this together...

ALL: WE-ARE-ALL-ONE-IN-THE-FAM-I-LY-OF-FEM-KIND!!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, that's very good. Now can anyone tell me what it means? (Hands go up.) Yes, Jessica ...

1ST GIRL: (Standing) It means God is our Mother and Christ is our Sister. (Sits.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: All right, that's a good start. But there's more, isn't there? (Hands are waving.) Who knows what else? Debby?

2ND GIRL: (Standing) It also means that if Christ is the Daughter of God and we live our lives the way Christ would, we can be daughters of God, too!

(Adam is looking out into the audience uneasily.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: That's what Christ promised us, didn't she. If we treat each other with ... (coaxing) ...what kind of love? (Scratching of heads, noisy thinking-sounds) Come on, now...AL-TO-GETHER--!

ALL: SIS-TER-LY LOVE!!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Right! We treat each person as if she were our very own sister. Then we truly belong to the family of Femkind.

ADAM: (Raises hand) Uh, I-uh, feel a little...well, funny.

2ND GIRL: You look funny. (Class titters.)

ADAM: I don't want sisterly love...I'm a malefem.

(Class hoots as ADAM quickly sits down.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: No, now quiet down. That's a very -- good, a very sincere question, Adam. But let me remind you that the Bible says, "And God created them, Fem and malefem created She them." So, you see, when we say "Femkind" we mean everybody. God created us both. She cares for us in just the same ways.

should it be statement

ADAM: But we're not the same.

(Class groans at his persistence. One girl turns to him, " Sit on it.")

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: That may well be, "We're not the same" -- but let's look back to the time our Creator fashioned us. She fashioned us differently because She had some very different, wonderful plans for us. Now who would like to read the Creation Story for us? Let's look at God's plan...

3RD GIRL: (Standing she reads from the "Bible.") In the beginning, God created the Heaven and the Earth. And the Earth was without form and void...And God said: Let us make Fems in our image, after our likeness, and we'll give them dominion over all the Earth. So God God created Fem in Her own image, in the image of God created She her...And after the MotherGod formed Fem, She created every beast and fowl and brought them all unto Fem. And whatever the Fem called each, that was its name forevermore...And the MotherGod said,

It is not good that the Fem should be alone; I will make a little helper for her. And She caused a deep sleep to come upon Fem and out of her belly She took a different creature and brought him unto her. And the Fem said, I will call him Male-fem, for out of the Fem he did come. And so it was decreed from that first day that the malefem should always come out of the Fem. For in her own image did the MotherGod create Fem."

ADAM: (Raises hand.) ...uh --

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, Adam...

ADAM: (Standing) Doesn't this go on to the story of the Bush of Knowledge? And how they weren't s'posed to eat of it ?

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, Adam...

ADAM: And how the malefem caused all the trouble when he disobeyed the MotherGod?

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, Adam...

ADAM: And how it all happened because he was enticed by the Throbbing Donut Monster? Which is probably sexual symbolism --

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: (Alarmed) ADAM!

ADAM: (Faster) And is forever exiled from Paradise and has to suffer hard labor and involuntary swelling --

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: ADAM!! We all KNOW the STORY!! (More composed:) Now. Do you HAVE a question?

ADAM: Yeah. Wasn't this also written by FEMS? Only fems?

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: (Unsure, cautious) That is essentially correct...

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ADAM: Well? Don't you see any connections?...Don't they obviously have their own interests in mind?

(CLASS tsks loudly, turning around to glare at him.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: (Indignant) I don't know WHAT you're driving at, young malefem, but I assure you the Bible is written by INSPIRED fems!

2ND GIRL: (Standing) BY GOD HERSELF!

1ST BOY: (Standing) FEMS INSPIRED BY GOD!! (He starts to sit down, glaring at ADAM as if he were an embarrassment to their sex. His attitude is "I'm a malefem, and even I know he's stupid." After a moment's thought, this boy student straightens again and taunts loudly:) WHATSA MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE FEMS?

END SCENE ONE

(Piano immediately to Faith of Our Fathers)

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SCENE TWO: THE DATING GAME

(Stagesetting: Two chairs, facing the audience, are placed in front of the altar, and the ever-present easel, which now holds a very large pad. The first page is blank.)

(ADAM enters. He checks his watch, strolls around impatiently, looks about nervously. A couple of young women PUNKS enter from center aisle. They've spotted ADAM and obviously find the lone malefem an irresistable target.)

1ST PUNK: Hey-Hey! Look it that!

2ND PUNK: Hmmmm, he's not bad, not too bad.

1ST PUNK: Come on, we only want to see what you got, boy.

2ND PUNK: Yeah, show us, boy (etc. ad lib as they close in.)

JOCKO: (from wings) Hey! That's my malefem! Get off him, you creeps!

(Punks skulk off, disappear behind altar.)

ADAM: Jocko!

JOCKO: (Enters) You're okay now, l'il darlin'. Your All-American femfriend is here and all is well. Been waiting long? (Examines nails, not really interested.)

ADAM: Yes.

JOCKO: No matter darlin', I'll make it up to you. Now let's move you and your boyish charms inside. I don't want to miss this flick.

(JOCKO manoevers ADAM to "ticket booth," cooing at him the whole time.)

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JOCKO: Ah, the way you move. Your laddie-like grace. Your boyish ass-sets -- Whatter you doing?! (ADAM is fiddling for change.) YOU don't pay, I pay. It's my treat, remember?

ADAM: Well, I have the money.

JOCKO: You one of these "liberated" boys? No -- absolutely not! I pay! It's a matter of ethics with me. (slyly) See I still believe this money -- if used in the right cause -- will come back to me (winks) threefold.

ADAM: But that makes me feel obligated to you, Jocko.

JOCKO: Hey, don't ever let feeling obligated to me bother you. Because, baby boy, you feeling obligated doesn't bother me a bit.

(JOCKO gives the "OK" sign to the audience behind ADAM's back as she steers him past the booth. They pantomime sidling down a row of seats, ADAM excusing himself innumerable times, until they reach the two chairs. The large pad has been turned to read NO SMOKING IN THE THEATER. Once the two are settled it reads, GENTLEMEN PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HATS.)

JOCKO: O girl, a triple feature! "Superstud Woman," "Superstud Woman Returns," and "Daughter of Superstud Woman." It should be super!!

ADAM: It's starting.

(The "Movie" begins as the two behind the altar suddenly stand, holding up a large sign SUPERSTUD WOMAN and chant the "plot" in unison.)

BOTH: She's TOUGH! She's TERRIFIC! She's the BEST! She

gets into TROUBLE now and then -- BAM BOOM BASH CRASH! -- But she al-ways MAKES it and the BOYS just LOVE her! THEE EEND.

(They disappear behind altar. JOCKO has been reacting enthusiastically throughout, punching the air and soundlessly cheering.)

JOCKO: Wow! Terrific! Wasn't that SUPER?!

ADAM: (Trying to smile) It was very nice.

JOCKO: I can't wait for the next one. Here it comes!

(As before, the two stand up behind them, heralding SUPERSTUD WOMAN RETURNS and chant, in unison:)

BOTH: She's TOUGH! She's TERRIFIC! She's the BEST! She gets into TROUBLE now and then -- BAM BOOM BASH CRASH! -- But she always MAKES it and the BOYS just LOVE her! THEE EEND.

JOCKO: (still socking the air) WOW!

ADAM: Please, I have a headache. Can we go now?

JOCKO: Hey-ey-ey! I put out two bucks for these flicks!

ADAM: I'm sorry. But I'm feeling...sick.

JOCKO: (suddenly solicitous) You got cramps? (Smacks her lips) I got a great solution for cramps.

ADAM: You know (getting fed-up) I wish you'd stop talking like that.

JOCKO: Like what?

ADAM: The way everything is sexual. We've been out twice, and no matter what we do, you never get off the subject. Ever since we met in hygiene class -- You know, then I thought you might be an interesting

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person. But now that we're dating, you pretend you're in heat 48 hrs. a day. You think I find that ATTRACTIVE?

JOCKO: Sure.

(ADAM leaps up.)

ADAM: (emphatic) Well I think it's REPULSIVE.

JOCKO: Hey! You're dealing with the fragile fem ego here. It would hurt me very much to think you might be kicking me in the ego. It's almost my most sensitive part.

ADAM: Well. I <u>think</u> it's repulsive...

JOCKO: (feigning hurt) You're rejecting me.

ADAM: It's just my personal opinion...I mean, others might not -- agree with me...

JOCKO: (Threateningly) Re-jecting meee!

ADAM: (Quickly sits to reassure her.) That's only my point of view, Jocko. I'm sure you have an equally valid point of view...

(Victorious, JOCKO becomes instantly smug again and throws an arm around ADAM that lets a hand dangle dangerously near his breast.)

JOCKO: Now where were we? Ah yes, you were saying that I was repulsive. What you meant was that, uh, you find a real fem <u>com</u>-pulsive, didn't you? It's a little different. It means we have trouble keeping our very strong in-cline-a-tions (squeeze, squeeze) in check. But that's not really all bad now is it?

(ADAM is silent.)

So let's get back to the I'm-an-interesting-person-part

ADAM: Yes.

JOCKO: It was my physique -- (She poses, Mr. America-style)

ADAM: No.

JOCKO: My golden-girl locks?

ADAM: No.

JOCKO: My brains?

ADAM: No--

JOCKO: Aw, c'mon. I know boys like you get real turned on to brains.

ADAM: Will you stop trying to "turn me on." Nothing turns me off like feeling I'm your prime ribs for the evening. No, it was something else. You seemed vulnerable once. All the bullying and swagger were gone for a moment. I loved the vulnerability in you.

JOCKO: (Not sure she's flattered) Huh?

ADAM: Wait, you know everything a fem's supposed to be?

JOCKO: (Puffing up, macho-style) Yeah!

ADAM: And you know everything a malefem's supposed to be?

JOCKO: (Looking him over in obvious disappointment) Yeah --

ADAM: Well, it's a lie. That moment in class I realized something important, something really important... Under the skin, fems and malefems are pretty much alike.

(JOCKO looks like he's about to be sick.)

Did I say something wrong?

JOCKO: (Disgusted) That's really GROSS.

ADAM: The more you think about it, the more obvious it is.

Well, honey, I don't want to think about it. Anyway, Soothingly) pretty laddies shouldn't think so hard, it puts little lines in your forehead. Now this is just a date. You're here to make points with me. relax and you'll impress me a lot more, believe me. you're not making it easy for me to enjoy myself -- Did you see those malefems in the movies? They knew how to enjoy themselves, and how.

Hell, they were dumb.

Yeah, but malefems are more fun that way.

I mean they were dumb to act so ridiculous just because you think it's funny.

(getting annoyed) You don't have much sense of humor, do you? Doesn't it flatter you deep down -- Me fem, You malefem. Girl (snaps) takes boy, get it. It's natural. The strong get and the weak better enjoy it. But, I have the feeling you have trouble with this simple principle of life...

Yeah. I have trouble with it. I have trouble with it at just one point: You're strong and weak. You're tough and not so tough. In fact, you're vulnerable. And probably in there — somewhere — needing to submit as much as you need to dominate. You're not one or the other -- You're both! And so am I! You're afraid of understanding that because you get a lot fewer kicks once you face the fact that we're equal. We are equal, and I see now that scares you to death.

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JOCKO: (cool) Hey, look, don't talk to me about equality. The country's gone to pot since we gave you boys the vote. I'm a fem. I naturally have ideas about what a boy's priorities should be, so don't hold it against me, Okay? Don't get so hostile.

ADAM: Equality isn't hostility! It means we can be reasonable, we can be fair --

JOCKO: This IS fair! I like being a fem! And I like you being the weaker sex, except you aren't doing so well. Why do you want to subvert everything that's normal? You want weak fems and strong malefems? You want that maybe because you want to be a fem. Well, you're a malefem! So you better start acting like one!

ADAM: I am a malefem, and I don't need an act! However I act is how this malefem acts!

JOCKO: There's something wrong with you, there really is. Other boys, I take them out, show them a good time; they take me home and show me a good time. I don't get no theories and I don't get no complaints.

ADAM: (throwing up his hands) Are all you fems really alike?! I haven't had a date with a real HUMAN BEING in three years!

JOCKO: (getting up, grabbing him by the wrist) Okay, the date's over! Now I'm taking you home, baby boy, to show you what a real fem's all about --

ADAM: GET OFF ME,YOU CREEP! (throws off her grip and stands, enraged) Will you look at me?! I'm a HUMAN BEING. I am not your idea or your body's idea or --.

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(pointing) that movie's idea of what I should be! I am the genuine article! I am the real thing, see? And I know one thing about me: I will not make a life's occupation out of pleasing you fems. I will not play your game, play half a person, the half you reject for yourselves and don't want to believe is part of you. I will not be pressured to take on all the helplessness and weakness you're afraid of in yourself. You're so afraid of these that not only do I have to BE them for you, but BE them as compliantly as possible. I have to dilute the distaste of them with a sugar-coating, a sweet disposition. And if I choose not to be so charmingly pathetic, but all the strong things I really am -- you accuse me of trying to be fem! Very neat! You write all the definitions, don't you! And the terms! And the options. Well, what are my options? A half-life? In a world you control? Staying in your house, raising your kids? My will's smothered, my identity's covered up, I lose my future to a FUNCTION there --

JOCKO: (trying to get it) ...You saying I'm not femly enough for you?

ADAM: Okay! (stands) I've had it! -- and for once, don't escort me home, I'm allright on my own!

(ADAM storms off stage right as the two behind the altar stand with JOCKO and yell after him --)

ALL: Whatsamatter? DON'T YOU LIKE FEMS?!

END SCENE TWO

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SCENE THREE: THE SHRINK

Piano is playing heavy, imposing Rachmaninoff. The SHRINK, equally imposing, enters Stage Right, climbs the high pulpit at outer stage in a dirge-like stride. She is a stiff and ~~haughty person~~ haughty presence, her hair drawn back severely and her face impassive.

At the same gait, a large portrait of SEGLINDA FREUD is being born down the central aisle facing the audience, to be placed on the easel directly below the SHRINK as she reaches the pinnacle point.

Although her patient will lay himself out on the altar below, the SHRINK speaks outward to the audience, rarely even looking at him. ADAM is still offstage when the music stops.

SHRINK: Come in. You're late.

ADAM: (entering) Thank you. (He's nervous, hesitates.)

SHRINK: Take a couch, any couch.

ADAM: (Looking around, sees there's only one) Oh, thanks. I'll take this one. (He climbs onto altar, lays down. Pause. He tries to start conversation.) Oh, I guess you're wondering why I'm here...

SHRINK: No. I'm not surprised. 83% of my patients are malefems.

ADAM: (Nervous laugh) Oh yeah? You make it sound like we're a sick breed.

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SHRINK: (directing her stare down at him) I only said 83% of my patients are malefems.

ADAM: (a little intimidated) Having trouble adjusting to this society?

SHRINK: (gaze up again) Having trouble -- accepting things as they are.

ADAM: Yeah, well, I guess that's why I'm here --

SHRINK: And why I'm here. To help you accept things. As they are... Tell me...(she pulls out a huge pad and pen)...do you suffer from -- alienation (she proceeds quickly, checklist style)

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: --anxiety?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: --depression?

ADAM: Yes Yes!

SHRINK: Do you feel too passive?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: Too possessive?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: Lethargy with sudden weight gain and existential guilt?

ADAM: Right! You got it!

SHRINK: Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm m m m m m m m m m m m m m Tell me... how do you feel about being a malefem? Does it fill you with dread?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: -- Confusion?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: --Chronic insecurity?

ADAM: Sure does.

SHRINK: Is it the mandatory guilts that gnaw you? The moral responsibilities that claw at you? Does the highly evolved honor code designed so you cannot possibly uphold it get you down? Hm?

ADAM: Uh --

SHRINK: You do understand what I'm getting at, don't you?

ADAM: You mean...

SHRINK: It's not necessary to say that word.

ADAM: You mean --

SHRINK: Don't say that word!

ADAM: You mean sex!

SHRINK: (Angry, petulant) You just have to flaunt your limited vocabulary at us, don't you?

ADAM: Hey, look -- you're the shrink. You have to get around to it soon anyway, don't you?

SHRINK: (Still angry, reluctantly leafing ahead in her pad) Yes, it's here someplace (finds it). ~~Explains directly to him~~ I have to ask you this question.

(Pause.)

ADAM: Go ahead.

(Pause.)

SHRINK: And I don't mean it without an accomplice.

ADAM: All right..

SHRINK: ..How often do you make whoopie?

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(Pause.)

ADAM: You don't mean it without an accomplice?

SHRINK: No.

ADAM: Not often. Hardly ever...Not once.

SHRINK: Ah ha! I thought so! (Accusingly.) You don't like -- that sort of thing much, do you? I bet you don't like fems much, either. Eh?

ADAM: No -- I mean, it's not that! It's not that I don't like being a malefem either. It's just what I have to do to be a "real" one.

SHRINK: Very interesting. Do you often feel "unreal?"

ADAM: Yes -- No! Look! Ever since I was a kid I knew I wasn't what everyone wanted. They all wanted daughters. Everyone knows that. How real can you feel if everyone knows that? What am I good for? Breeding, that's all!

SHRINK: That's very important, you know. Do you have difficulty cultivating a sense of self-worth in breeding?

ADAM: I'm the breeder. She's the next thing to God-the-Creator. Even in Sunday School it was drilled into us that God and the first-ever human being were fems. Then this one guy comes along and ruins everything -- I mean, it makes a kid think. And we say, "God created fem in Her own image" -- just because we're all born out of fems --

SHRINK: Professionally speaking, the sooner you accept biology, the better off you'll be.

ADAM: And when I dated, I felt demeaned. Every fem thought I was her private hand towel.

SHRINK: Girls will be girls. It's a sign of their nice,healthy appetites.

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ADAM: (Dejected.) I feel invalid. This society isn't about me. It's all about fems. And what I can do for fems. It gets me depressed...

(The SHRINK considers him for a few minutes)

SHRINK: You know, a lot of malefems come in here, very depressed about their station in life...On the other hand, many more are happy husbands and fathers. They find homelife a rewarding experience. They also find a great deal of comfort in their religion. Religion can often make things fall into place a little clearer. Do you find comfort in your religion?

ADAM: I don't even find God in my religion. How can I believe in a God that's a fem-firster?

(There is an icy pause.)

SHRINK: (Coldly.) I see. Well, fortunately the great fems of psychiatry have made monumental inroads into the malady you're suffering. Seglinda Freud here (indicates portrait) was the first to name it: Breast envy.

ADAM: (with great distaste) Breast envy?!

SHRINK: Yes, it's a complex network of emotional-syncratic syntaxes, but what it breaks down to in laity lingo is -- fear of peaked things in pairs ..... or: repressed desire for the fem's superior position in society or (sudden "jive") What we got is what you want an' we aint gonna GIVE it to yah!! (Back to her professionalism) This causes some malefems emotional trouble. Tell me -- do you have trouble relating socially to the people you consider your oppressors?

ADAM: Sure -- wouldn't you?

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SHRINK: And do you relate best with other malefems who share your sense of maladjustment and unconnectedness?

ADAM: (uncertain) Yes...

SHRINK: Ah -- this brings me to a delicate issue...

ADAM: It must be sex ~~again~~.

SHRINK: (Reacting to that word) Please! (Composed again) Did you, by any chance, have a domineering mother and a weak father? Or a domineering father and a weak mother? A phys. ed. teacher you liked a little too well?

ADAM: What are you getting at?

SHRINK: A senile aunt? An impotent housepet? I can trace it from any one of them...Let me ask it this way: Did you clap for Tinkerbe

ADAM: I don't under--

SHRINK: (Impatient) Are you QUEER, for Godsakes!

ADAM: (Angrily) You don't understand what I'm telling you!

SHRINK: Look, I'm trying to help. You must realize by now there's something seriously wrong with you.

ADAM: I don't feel like there's anything wrong with me.

SHRINK: Don't make me laugh. You positively reek of neurosis.

ADAM: I tell you, I can't really believe it. I don't ~~don't~~ feel it.

SHRINK: I'm sorry but I can't help you until you admit to yourself there's something wrong with you...Have you forgotten them already?

(SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER and JOCKO are ascending sides of the pulpit)

JOCKO: Sure, that's what I thought -- He's not a real malefem. He's not all there!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: And he's not living what I'd call a "good life." It's God's plan to marry and take care of the kids. I tried to teach him that it's God's plan.

JOCKO: He tried to make me out to be the failure. He's the failure!

SHRINK: Don't you understand yet? You're hostile, maladjusted, psychogenetic, not to mention UN-NATURAL...

JOCKO: (agreeing) RIGHT! Unnatural!

SST: You call yourself God-fearing? You pagan pervert.

. . . . .

SST: (agreeing) Not pleasant to be with at all.

JOCKO: So "uppity." Just "too good" for Jocko, huh?

SST: Sinner! Degenerate!

JOCKO: Failure! Sicko!

SST: You're making a mortal mistake, Adam! Admit you're wrong!

SHRINK: ...psychopathic, psychoneurological, physiological, parapathic, neurasthenic, pathoneurotic, psychophilic, not to mention DIS-AGREEABLE...

. . . . .

neurasthenic, schizophrenic, neuropsychiatric, psychotropic, masochistic, catatonic, sadistic, not to mention sick, not to mention: WRONG...

SHRINK & SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER & JOCKO: WRONG, WRONG, WRONG! WRONG!

(STAGEMANAGER breaks into the ranting and waves arms, signalling for them all to stop...)

STAGEMANAGER: HOLD IT! Hold it! Hold it!

(The actors stop their activity and drop their roles. The play is, at this chaotic point, suddenly ended)

I think we can agree that it can't go anywhere from here.

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I remind you that I admitted from the start that this is an unfair proposal. It divides its sexes into better and worse, richer and poorer -- whole people and half people by definition.

Its language is the enemy of half its users. Its theology is the enemy of half its people and all for the sake of the other half.

This is an inhumane society. And we reject our proposal.

But, if we reject that world, to what do we return? Do we go back to Mankind? The world of males and fe-males? Men and wo-men?

The faith of our fathers, and the brother love that binds man to man?

A tie that binds so tightly that women are outside it, left to comprise the vast majority of psychiatric caseloads?

I learned a trick in art school. When you've been drawing a long time, you naturally tend to draw at a certain angle, with a certain slant, either to the left or right and you can't see it. It's habit. So you pick it up and put it in front of a mirror. And in that reverse the imperfection is perfectly clear. It's there without the mirror -- but you really can't see it.

The thing to realize it's the same picture before your eyes everyday as it is in this mirror image. And if we reject this as categorically ludicrous and unfair, how can we do exactly the same thing in reverse and be any less unfair?

You know it's written: The Lord your God is One.

That doesn't mean one god for men and one goddess for women. One is one.

One is the summation of all parts. This is the challenge, the high mark we must keep trying to meet. The Lord is ONE, all-inclusive, all-encompassing.

3

And it's very easy to say~~ing~~ "God is one" and let it ride. But if our language doesn't articulate it, our systems not allow it, our faith not express it, we do not believe it. We do not understand it. We ~~are~~, instead, maintain~~ing~~ "The Lord our God is ~~one-half~~ fragmented" and we prevent ourselves from recognizing the wider circle of God's grace.

Many of us feel MCC is called to be a whole church.

Women and men across this fellowship feel that if it's going to happen it's going to start here. Women and men are finding in this place that there is good news: We are not meant to be bound by human contrivances. We are called to leave the structures, leave the languages that separate us. Leave the social mores, leave the doctrines that stratify us. Because we are meant to be whole; we are meant to be lifted up. We are meant to transform the world to the image of our God -- just, all-encompassing, and whole.

music ||.|| || music ||||||| || music

|| music |||

3

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: And he's not living what I'd call a "good life." It's God's plan to marry and take care of the kids. I tried to teach him that it's God's plan.

JOCKO: He tried to make me out to be the failure. He's the failure!

SHRINK: Don't you understand yet? You're hostile, maladjusted, psychogenetic, not to mention UN-NATURAL...

JOCKO: (agreeing) RIGHT! Unnatural!

SST: You call yourself God-fearing? You pagan pervert.

. . . . .

SST: (agreeing) Not pleasant to be with at all.

JOCKO: So "uppity." Just "too good" for Jocko, huh?

SST: Sinner! Degenerate!

JOCKO: Failure! Sicko!

SST: You're making a mortal mistake, Adam! Admit you're wrong!

SHRINK: ...psychopathic, psychoneurological, physiological, parapathic, neurasthenic, pathoneurotic, psychophilic, not to mention DIS-AGREEABLE...

. . . . . .

neurasthenic, schizophrenic, neuropsychiatric, psychotropic, masochistic, catatonic, sadistic, not to mention sick, not to mention: WRONG...

SHRINK & SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER & JOCKO: WRONG, WRONG, WRONG! WRONG!

(STAGEMANAGER breaks into the ranting and waves arms, signalling for them all to stop...)

STAGEMANAGER: HOLD IT! Hold it! Hold it!

(The actors stop their activity and drop their roles. The play is, at this chaotic point, suddenly ended)

I think we can agree that it can't go anywhere from here.

SHRINK: And do you relate best with other malefems who share your sense of maladjustment and unconnectedness?

ADAM: (uncertain) Yes...

SHRINK: Ah -- this brings me to a delicate issue...

ADAM: It must be sex again.

SHRINK: (Reacting to that word) Please! (Composed again) Did you, by any chance, have a domineering mother and a weak father? Or a domineering father and a weak mother? A phys. ed. teacher you liked a little too well?

ADAM: What are you getting at?

SHRINK: A senile aunt? An impotent housepet? I can trace it from any one of them... Let me ask it this way: Did you clap for Tinkerbe

ADAM: I don't under--

SHRINK: (Impatient) Are you QUEER, for Godsakes!

ADAM: (Angrily) You don't understand what I'm telling you!

SHRINK: Look, I'm trying to help. You must realize by now there's something seriously wrong with you.

ADAM: I don't feel like there's anything wrong with me.

SHRINK: Don't make me laugh. You positively reek of neurosis.

ADAM: I tell you, I can't really believe it. I don't ~~don't~~ feel it.

SHRINK: I'm sorry but I can't help you until you admit to yourself there's something wrong with you... Have you forgotten them already?

(SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER and JOCKO are ascending sides of the pulpit)

JOCKO: Sure, that's what I thought -- He's not a real malefem. He's not all there!

Adam

SCENE TWO: THE DATING GAME

(Stagesetting: Two chairs, facing the audience, are placed in front of the altar, and the ever-present easel, which now holds a very large pad. The first page is blank.)

(ADAM enters. He checks his watch, strolls around impatiently, looks about nervously. A couple of young women PUNKS enter from center aisle. They've spotted ADAM and obviously find the lone malefem an irresistable target.)

1ST PUNK: Hey-Hey! Look it that!

2ND PUNK: Hmmmm, he's not bad, not too bad.

1ST PUNK: Come on, we only want to see what you got, boy.

2ND PUNK: Yeah, show us, boy (etc. ad lib as they close in.)

JOCKO: (from wings) Hey! That's my malefem! Get off him, you creeps!

(Punks skulk off, disappear behind altar.)

ADAM: Jocko!

JOCKO: (Enters) You're okay now, l'il darlin'. Your All-American femfriend is here and all is well. Been waiting long? (Examines nails, not really interested.)

ADAM: Yes.

JOCKO: No matter darlin', I'll make it up to you. Now let's move you and your boyish charms inside. I don't want to miss this flick.

(JOCKO manoevers ADAM to "ticket booth," cooing at him the whole time.)

JOCKO: Ah, the way you move. Your laddie-like grace. Your boyish ass-sets -- Whatter you doing?! (ADAM is fiddling for change.) YOU don't pay, I pay. It's my treat, remember?

ADAM: Well, I have the money.

JOCKO: You one of these "liberated" boys? No -- absolutely not! I pay! It's a matter of ethics with me. (slyly) See I still believe this money -- if used in the right cause -- will come back to me (winks) threefold.

ADAM: But that makes me feel obligated to you, Jocko.

JOCKO: Hey, don't ever let feeling obligated to me bother you. Because, baby boy, you feeling obligated doesn't bother me a bit.

(JOCKO gives the "OK" sign to the audience behind ADAM's back as she steers him past the booth. They pantomime sidling down a row of seats, ADAM excusing himself innumerable times, until they reach the two chairs. The large pad has been turned to read NO SMOKING IN THE THEATER. Once the two are settled it reads, GENTLEMEN PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HATS.)

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ADAM: It's starting.

(The "Movie" begins as the two behind the altar suddenly stand, holding up a large sign SUPERSTUD WOMAN and chant the "plot" in unison.)

BOTH: She's TOUGH! She's TERRIFIC! She's the BEST! She

gets into TROUBLE now and then -- BAM BOOM BASH CRASH! -- But she al-ways MAKES it and the BOYS just LOVE her! THEE EEND.

(They disappear behind altar. JOCKO has been reacting enthusiastically throughout, punching the air and soundlessly cheering.)

JOCKO: Wow! Terrific! Wasn't that SUPER?!

ADAM: (Trying to smile) It was very nice.

JOCKO: I can't wait for the next one. Here it comes!

(As before, the two stand up behind them, heralding SUPERSTUD WOMAN RETURNS and chant in unison:)

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JOCKO: (still socking the air) WOW!

ADAM: Please, I have a headache. Can we go now?

JOCKO: Hey-ey-ey! I put out two bucks for these flicks!

ADAM: I'm sorry. But I'm feeling...sick.

JOCKO: (suddenly solicitous) You got cramps? (Smacks her lips) I got a great solution for cramps.

ADAM: You know (getting fed-up) I wish you'd stop talking like that.

JOCKO: Like what?

ADAM: The way everything is sexual. We've been out twice, and no matter what we do, you never get off the subject. Ever since we met in hygiene class -- You know, then I thought you might be an interesting

person. But now that we're dating, you pretend you're in heat 48 hrs. a day. You think I find that ATTRACTIVE?

JOCKO: Sure.

(ADAM leaps up.)

ADAM: (emphatic) Well I think it's REPULSIVE.

JOCKO: Hey! You're dealing with the fragile fem ego here. It would hurt me very much to think you might be kicking me in the ego. It's almost my most sensitive part.

ADAM: Well. I think it's repulsive...

JOCKO: (feigning hurt) You're rejecting me.

ADAM: It's just my personal opinion...I mean, others might not -- agree with me...

JOCKO: (Threateningly) Re-jecting meee!

ADAM: (Quickly sits to reassure her.) That's only my point of view, Jocko. I'm sure you have an equally valid point of view...

(Victorious, JOCKO becomes instantly smug again and throws an arm around ADAM that lets a hand dangle dangerously near his breast.)

JOCKO: Now where were we? Ah yes, you were saying that I was repulsive. What you meant was that, uh, you find a real fem com-pulsive, didn't you? It's a little different. It means we have trouble keeping our very strong in-cline-a-tions (squeeze, squeeze) in check. But that's not really all bad now is it?

(ADAM is silent.)

So let's get back to the I'm-an-interesting-person-par

ADAM: Yes.

JOCKO: It was my physique -- (She poses, Mr. America-style)

ADAM: No.

JOCKO: My golden-girl locks?

ADAM: No.

JOCKO: My brains?

ADAM: No--

JOCKO: Aw, c'mon. I know boys like you get real turned on to brains.

ADAM: Will you stop trying to "turn me on." Nothing turns me off like feeling I'm your prime ribs for the evening. No, it was something else. You seemed vulnerable once. All the bullying and swagger were gone for a moment. I loved the vulnerability in you.

JOCKO: (Not sure she's flattered) Huh?

ADAM: Wait, you know everything a fem's supposed to be?

JOCKO: (Puffing up, macho-style) Yeah!

ADAM: And you know everything a malefem's supposed to be?

JOCKO: (Looking him over in obvious disappointment) Yeah --

ADAM: Well, it's a lie. That moment in class I realized something important, something really important... Under the skin, fems and malefems are pretty much alike.

(JOCKO looks like he's about to be sick.)

Did I say something wrong?

JOCKO: (Disgusted) That's really GROSS.

ADAM: The more you think about it, the more obvious it is.

JOCKO: Well, honey, I don't want to think about it. Anyway, (soothingly) pretty laddies shouldn't think so hard, it puts little lines in your forehead. Now this is just a date. You're here to make points with me. relax and you'll impress me a lot more, believe me. you're not making it easy for me to enjoy myself -- Did you see those malefems in the movies? They knew how to enjoy themselves, and how.

ADAM: Hell, they were dumb.

Yeah, but malefems are more fun that way.

ADAM: I mean they were dumb to act so ridiculous just because you think it's funny.

(getting annoyed) You don't have much sense of humor, do you? Doesn't it flatter you deep down -- Me fem, You malefem. Girl (snaps) takes boy, get it. It's natural. The strong get and the weak better enjoy it. But, I have the feeling you have trouble with this simple principle of life...

ADAM: Yeah. I have trouble with it. I have trouble with it at just one point: You're strong and weak. You're tough and not so tough. In fact, you're vulnerable. And probably in there -- somewhere -- needing to submit as much as you need to dominate. You're not one or the other -- You're both! And so am I! You're afraid of understanding that because you get a lot fewer kicks once you face the fact that we are equal. We are equal, and I see now that scares you to death.

JOCKO: (cool) Hey, look, don't talk to me about equality. The country's gone to pot since we gave you boys the vote. I'm a fem. I naturally have ideas about what a boy's priorities should be, so don't hold it against me, Okay? Don't get so hostile.

ADAM: Equality isn't hostility! It means we can be reasonable, we can be fair --

JOCKO: This IS fair! I like being a fem! And I like you being the weaker sex, except you aren't doing so well. Why do you want to subvert everything that's normal? You want weak fems and strong malefems? You want that maybe because you want to be a fem. Well, you're a malefem! So you better start acting like one!

ADAM: I am a malefem, and I don't need an act! However I act is how this malefem acts!

JOCKO: There's something wrong with you, there really is. Other boys, I take them out, show them a good time; they take me home and show me a good time. I don't get no theories and I don't get no complaints.

ADAM: (throwing up his hands) Are all you fems really alike?! I haven't had a date with a real HUMAN BEING in three years!

JOCKO: (getting up, grabbing him by the wrist) Okay, the date's over! Now I'm taking you home, baby boy, to show you what a real fem's all about --

ADAM: GET OFF ME, YOU CREEP! (throws off her grip and stands, enraged) Will you look at me?! I'm a HUMAN BEING. I am not your idea or your body's idea or --

(pointing) that movie's idea of what I should be! I am the genuine article! I am the real thing, see? And I know one thing about me: I will not make a life's occupation out of pleasing you fems. I will not play your game, play half a person, the half you reject for yourselves and don't want to believe is part of you. I will not be pressured to take on all the helplessness and weakness you're afraid of in yourself. You're so afraid of these that not only do I have to BE them for you, but BE them as compliantly as possible. I have to dilute the distaste of them with a sugar-coating, a sweet disposition. And if I choose not to be so charmingly pathetic, but all the strong things I really am -- you accuse me of trying to be fem! Very neat! You write all the definitions, don't you! And the terms! And the options. Well, what are my options? A half-life? In a world you control? Staying in your house, raising your kids? My will's smothered, my identity's covered up, I lose my future to a FUNCTION there --

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(ADAM storms off stage right as the two behind the altar stand with JOCKO and yell after him --)

ALL: Whatsamatter? DON'T YOU LIKE FEMS?!

END SCENE TWO

ADAM: Well? Don't you see any connections?...Don't obviously have their own interests in mind?

(CLASS tsks loudly, turning around to glare at him.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: (Indignant) I don't know WHAT you're driving a young malefem, but I assure you the Bible is wr by INSPIRED fems!

2ND GIRL: (Standing) BY GOD HERSELF!

1ST BOY: (Standing) FEMS INSPIRED BY GOD!! (He starts to sit down, glaring at ADAM as if he were an embarr ment to their sex. His attitude is "I'm a malefe and even I know he's stupid." After a moment's thought, this boy student straightens again and t loudly:) WHATSA MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE FEMS?

END SCENE ONE

(Piano immediately to Faith of Our Fathers)

Adam

SCENE TWO: THE DATING GAME

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(ADAM storms off stage right as the two behind the altar stand with JOCKO and yell after him --)

ALL: Whatsamatter? DON'T YOU LIKE FEMS?!

END SCENE TWO

Adam

SCENE THREE: THE SHRINK

Piano is playing heavy, imposing Rachmaninoff. The SHRINK, equally imposing, enters Stage Right, climbs the high pulpit at outer stage in a dirge-like stride. She is a stiff and ~~haughty person~~ haughty presence, her hair drawn back severely and her face impassive.

At the same gait, a large portrait of SEGLINDA FREUD is being born down the central aisle facing the audience, to be placed on the easel directly below the SHRINK as she reaches the pinnacle point.

Although her patient will lay himself out on the altar below, the SHRINK speaks outward to the audience, rarely even looking at him. ADAM is still offstage when the music stops.

SHRINK: Come in. You're late.

ADAM: (entering) Thank you. (He's nervous, hesitates.)

SHRINK: Take a couch, any couch.

ADAM: (Looking around, sees there's only one) Oh, thanks. I'll take this one. (He climbs onto altar, lays down. Pause. He tries to start conversation.) Oh, I guess you're wondering why I'm here...

SHRINK: No. I'm not surprised. 83% of my patients are malefems.

ADAM: (Nervous laugh) Oh yeah? You make it sound like we're a sick breed.

SHRINK: (directing her stare down at him) I only said 83% of my patients are malefems.

ADAM: (a little intimidated) Having trouble adjusting to this society?

SHRINK: (gaze up again) Having trouble -- <u>accepting</u> things as they are.

ADAM: Yeah, well, I guess that's why I'm here --

SHRINK: And why <u>I'm</u> here. To help you accept things. As they are... Tell me...(she pulls out a huge pad and pen)...do you suffer from -- alienation (she proceeds quickly, checklist style)

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: --anxiety?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: --depression?

ADAM: Yes Yes!

SHRINK: Do you feel too passive?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: Too possessive?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: Lethargy with sudden weight gain and existential guilt?

ADAM: Right! You got it!

SHRINK: Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm m m m m m m m m m m m m <u>Tell</u> me... how do you feel about being a malefem? Does it fill you with dread?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: -- Confusion?

ADAM: Yes!

SHRINK: --Chronic insecurity?

ADAM: Sure does.

SHRINK: Is it the mandatory guilts that gnaw you? The moral responsibilities that claw at you? Does the highly evolved honor code designed so you cannot possibly uphold it get you down? Hm?

ADAM: Uh --

SHRINK: You do understand what I'm getting at, don't you?

ADAM: You mean...

SHRINK: It's not necessary to say that word.

ADAM: You mean --

SHRINK: Don't say that word!

ADAM: You mean sex!

SHRINK: (Angry, petulant) You just have to flaunt your limited vocabulary at us, don't you?

ADAM: Hey, look -- you're the shrink. You have to get around to it soon anyway, don't you?

SHRINK: (Still angry, reluctantly leafing ahead in her pad) Yes, it's here someplace (finds it). ~~Explains directly to him~~ I have to ask you this question.

(Pause.)

ADAM: Go ahead.

(Pause.)

SHRINK: And I don't mean it without an accomplice.

ADAM: All right..

SHRINK: ..How often do you make whoopie?

(Pause.)

ADAM: You don't mean it without an accomplice?

SHRINK: No.

ADAM: Not often. Hardly ever...Not once.

SHRINK: Ah ha! I thought so! (Accusingly.) You don't like -- that sort of thing much, do you? I bet you don't like fems much, either. Eh?

ADAM: No -- I mean, it's not that! It's not that I don't like being a malefem either. It's just what I have to do to be a "real" one.

SHRINK: Very interesting. Do you often feel "unreal?"

ADAM: Yes -- No! Look! Ever since I was a kid I knew I wasn't what everyone wanted. They all wanted daughters. Everyone knows that. How real can you feel if everyone knows that? What am I good for? Breeding, that's all!

SHRINK: That's very important, you know. Do you have difficulty cultivating a sense of self-worth in breeding?

ADAM: I'm the breeder. She's the next thing to God-the-Creator. Even in Sunday School it was drilled into us that God and the first-ever human being were fems. Then this one guy comes along and ruins everything -- I mean, it makes a kid think. And we say, "God created fem in Her own image" -- just because we're all born out of fems --

SHRINK: Professionally speaking, the sooner you accept biology, the better off you'll be.

ADAM: And when I dated, I felt demeaned. Every fem thought I was her private hand towel.

SHRINK: Girls will be girls. It's a sign of their nice,healthy appetites.

ADAM: (Dejected.) I feel invalid. This society isn't about me. It's all about fems. And what I can do for fems. It gets me depressed...

(The SHRINK considers him for a few minutes)

SHRINK: You know, a lot of malefems come in here, very depressed about their station in life...On the other hand, many more are happy husbands and fathers. They find homelife a rewarding experience. They also find a great deal of comfort in their religion. Religion can often make things fall into place a little clearer. Do you find comfort in your religion?

ADAM: I don't even find God in my religion. How can I believe in a God that's a fem-firster?

(There is an icy pause.)

SHRINK: (Coldly.) I see. Well, fortunately the great fems of psychiatry have made monumental inroads into the malady you're suffering. Seglinda Freud here (indicates portrait) was the first to name it: Breast envy.

ADAM: (with great distaste) Breast envy?!

SHRINK: Yes, it's a complex network of emotional-syncratic syntaxes, but what it breaks down to in laity lingo is -- fear of peaked things in pairs ..... or: repressed desire for the fem's superior position in society or (sudden "jive") What we got is what you want an' we aint gonna GIVE it to yah!! (Back to her professionalism) This causes some malefems emotional trouble. Tell me -- do you have trouble relating socially to the people you consider your oppressors?

ADAM: Sure -- wouldn't you?

SHRINK: And do you relate best with other malefems who share your sense of maladjustment and unconnectedness?

ADAM: (uncertain) Yes...

SHRINK: Ah -- this brings me to a delicate issue...

ADAM: It must be sex again.

SHRINK: (Reacting to that word) Please! (Composed again) Did you, by any chance, have a domineering mother and a weak father? Or a domineering father and a weak mother? A phys. ed. teacher you liked a little too well?

ADAM: What are you getting at?

SHRINK: A senile aunt? An impotent housepet? I can trace it from any one of them... Let me ask it this way: Did you clap for Tinkerbe

ADAM: I don't under--

SHRINK: (Impatient) Are you QUEER, for Godsakes!

ADAM: (Angrily) You don't understand what I'm telling you!

SHRINK: Look, I'm trying to help. You must realize by now there's something seriously wrong with you.

ADAM: I don't feel like there's anything wrong with me.

SHRINK: Don't make me laugh. You positively reek of neurosis.

ADAM: I tell you, I can't really believe it. I don't ~~don't~~ feel it.

SHRINK: I'm sorry but I can't help you until you admit to yourself there's something wrong with you... Have you forgotten them already?

(SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER and JOCKO are ascending sides of the pulpit)

JOCKO: Sure, that's what I thought -- He's not a real malefem. He's not all there!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: And he's not living what I'd call a "good life." It's God's plan to marry and take care of the kids. I tried to teach him that it's God's plan.

JOCKO: He tried to make me out to be the failure. He's the failure!

SHRINK: Don't you understand yet? You're hostile, maladjusted, psychogenetic, not to mention UN-NATURAL...

JOCKO: (agreeing) RIGHT! Unnatural!

SST: You call yourself God-fearing? You pagan pervert.

. . . . .

SST: (agreeing) Not pleasant to be with at all.

JOCKO: So "uppity." Just "too good" for Jocko, huh?

SST: Sinner! Degenerate!

JOCKO: Failure! Sicko!

SST: You're making a mortal mistake, Adam! Admit you're wrong!

SHRINK: ...psychopathic, psychoneurological, physiological, parapathic, neurasthenic, pathoneurotic, psychophilic, not to mention DIS-AGREEABLE...

. . . . .

neurasthenic, schizophrenic, neuropsychiatric, psychotropic, masochistic, catatonic, sadistic, not to mention sick, not to mention: WRONG...

SHRINK & SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER & JOCKO: WRONG, WRONG, WRONG! WRONG!

(STAGEMANAGER breaks into the ranting and waves arms, signalling for them all to stop...)

STAGEMANAGER: HOLD IT! Hold it! Hold it!

(The actors stop their activity and drop their roles. The play is, at this chaotic point, suddenly ended)

I think we can agree that it can't go anywhere from here.

I remind you that I admitted from the start that this is an unfair proposal. It divides its sexes into better and worse, richer and poorer -- whole people and half people by definition.

Its language is the enemy of half its users. Its theology is the enemy of half its people and all for the sake of the other half.

This is an inhumane society. And we reject our proposal.

But, if we reject that world, to what do we return? Do we go back to Mankind? The world of males and fe-males? Men and wo-men?

The faith of our fathers, and the brother love that binds man to man?

A tie that binds so tightly that women are outside it, left to comprise the vast majority of psychiatric caseloads?

I learned a trick in art school. When you've been drawing a long time, you naturally tend to draw at a certain angle, with a certain slant, either to the left or right and you can't see it. It's habit. So you pick it up and put it in front of a mirror. And in that reverse the imperfection is perfectly clear. It's there without the mirror -- but you really can't see it.

The thing to realize it's the same picture before your eyes everyday as it is in this mirror image. And if we reject this as categorically ludicrous and unfair, how can we do exactly the same thing in reverse and be any less unf

You know it's written: The Lord your God is One.

That doesn't mean one god for men and one goddess for women. One is one.

One is the summation of all parts. This is the challenge, the high mark we must keep trying to meet. The Lord is ONE, all-inclusive, all-encompassing.

And it's very easy to say "God is one" and let it ride. But if our language doesn't articulate it, our systems not allow it, our faith not express it, we do not believe it. We do not understand it. We, instead, maintain "The Lord our God is fragmented" and we prevent ourselves from recognizing the wider circle of God's grace.

Many of us feel MCC is called to be a whole church.

Women and men across this fellowship feel that if it's going to happen it's going to start here. Women and men are finding in this place that there is good news: We are not meant to be bound by human contrivances. We are called to leave the structures, leave the languages that separate us. Leave the social mores, leave the doctrines that stratify us. Because we are meant to be whole; we are meant to be lifted up. We are meant to transform the world to the image of our God -- just, all-encompassing, and whole.

music music music

music

Super Stud Woman

SCENE TWO: THE DATING GAME

(Stagesetting: Two chairs, facing the audience, are placed in front of the altar, and the ever-present easel, which now holds a very large pad. The first page is blank.)

(ADAM enters. He checks his watch, strolls around impatiently, looks about nervously. A couple of young women PUNKS enter from center aisle. They've spotted ADAM and obviously find the lone malefem an irresistable target.)

1ST PUNK: Hey-Hey! Look it that!

2ND PUNK: Hmmmm, he's not bad, not too bad.

1ST PUNK: Come on, we only want to see what you got, boy.

2ND PUNK: Yeah, show us, boy (etc. ad lib as they close in.)

JOCKO: (from wings) Hey! That's my malefem! Get off him, you creeps!

(Punks skulk off, disappear behind altar.)

ADAM: Jocko!

JOCKO: (Enters) You're okay now, l'il darlin'. Your All-American femfriend is here and all is well. Been waiting long? (Examines nails, not really interested.)

ADAM: Yes.

JOCKO: No matter darlin', I'll make it up to you. Now let's move you and your boyish charms inside. I don't want to miss this flick.

(JOCKO manoevers ADAM to "ticket booth," cooing at him the whole time.)

JOCKO: Ah, the way you move. Your laddie-like grace. Your boyish ass-sets -- Whatter you doing?! (ADAM is fiddling for change.) YOU don't pay, I pay. It's my treat, remember?

ADAM: Well, I have the money.

JOCKO: You one of these "liberated" boys? No -- absolutely not! I pay! It's a matter of ethics with me. (slyly) See I still believe this money -- if used in the right cause -- will come back to me (winks) threefold.

ADAM: But that makes me feel obligated to you, Jocko.

JOCKO: Hey, don't ever let feeling obligated to me bother you. Because, baby boy, you feeling obligated doesn't bother me a bit.

(JOCKO gives the "OK" sign to the audience behind ADAM's back as she steers him past the booth. They pantomime sidling down a row of seats, ADAM excusing himself innumerable times, until they reach the two chairs. The large pad has been turned to read NO SMOKING IN THE THEATER. Once the two are settled it reads, GENTLEMEN PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HATS.)

JOCKO: O girl, a triple feature! "Superstud Woman," "Superstud Woman Returns," and "Daughter of Superstud Woman." It should be super!!

ADAM: It's starting.

(The "Movie" begins as the two behind the altar suddenly stand, holding up a large sign SUPERSTUD WOMAN and chant the "plot" in unison.)

BOTH: She's TOUGH! She's TERRIFIC! She's the BEST! She

gets into TROUBLE now and then -- BAM BOOM BASH CRASH! -- But she al-ways MAKES it and the BOYS just LOVE her! THEE EEND.

(They disappear behind altar. JOCKO has been reacting enthusiastically throughout, punching the air and soundlessly cheering.)

JOCKO: Wow! Terrific! Wasn't that SUPER?!

ADAM: (Trying to smile) It was very nice.

JOCKO: I can't wait for the next one. Here it comes!

(As before, the two stand up behind them, heralding SUPERSTUD WOMAN RETURNS and chant in unison:)

BOTH: She's TOUGH! She's TERRIFIC! She's the BEST! She gets into TROUBLE now and then -- BAM BOOM BASH CRASH! -- But she always MAKES it and the BOYS just LOVE her! THEE EEND.

JOCKO: (still socking the air) WOW!

ADAM: Please, I have a headache. Can we go now?

JOCKO: Hey-ey-ey! I put out two bucks for these flicks!

ADAM: I'm sorry. But I'm feeling...sick.

JOCKO: (suddenly solicitous) You got cramps? (Smacks her lips) I got a great solution for cramps.

ADAM: You know (getting fed-up) I wish you'd stop talking like that.

JOCKO: Like what?

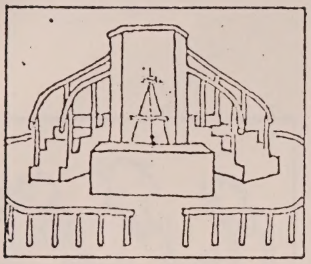
ADAM: The way everything is sexual. We've been out twice, and no matter what we do, you never get off the subject. Ever since we met in hygiene class -- You know, then I thought you might be an interesting

adam

There's Something Wrong With You

a play by Leon Trolley

SCENE ONE: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON



STAGESETTING: The original production of these skits was performed in the sanctuary of Old West Church, Boston. The altar of that church is surrounded by a low wooden railing, broken at the front and two side aisles. A simple rectangular altar stands before the imposingly high pulpit which is approached on two sides by stairs. We used all of these fixtures, finding the change of levels dramatically interesting. All we added was an easel between the altar and the pulpit.

(The STAGEMANAGER enters, large sign under her arm. She leans it, face down, against the railing and begins.)

STAGEMANAGER: We have a modest proposal for you today. We have to say from the start that it is not a particularly fair proposal. It entails a world made of two very different kinds of people. There are fems -- and malefems. They even look different.

(Motions fem and malefem to join her on either side. During her description the fem flexes, making noisy, aggessive sounds.)

The fem wears clothing that is light, comfortable, well-suited to the fem's responsibilities of protecting, maintaining and enjoying her property. Fems run the world and they dress for it...On the other hand, malefems do not run the world. The vast majority of them would not <u>want</u> to run the world, being so clearly ill-equipped to do so. Notice the strange garb of the malefem...

(a man in a dress, he poses coolly, changing positions like a professional model)

Particularly the large opening at the bottom. Obviously this would hamper their running from danger, so malefems as a whole avoid dangerous, responsible situations. But they cleverly turn this disadvantage to their advantage. The same open-ended clothing allows easy access to parts of the leg and thigh that are a particular joy to the fem. Since from earliest childhood malefems have felt their sole contribution in life is inspiring, uplifting, nurturing the fem, this is a system that works very well. Only one thing disrupts such a system: a healthy individual.

We have such an individual. And naturally, being healthy, he has a hard time of it. We'll see how a system in which one sex is favored perpetuates itself throughout his troubled life and we begin at the beginning. With our children, our myths and our idea of of God — in the Sunday School classroom.

(STAGEMANAGER places the sign on the easel. It reads, "We Are All One in the Family of Femkind." Children and the SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, a malefem, enter and take their places, singing with great enthusiasm.)

CHILDREN and
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

JOYFUL, JOYFUL WE ADORE THEE
GOD OF GLORY, LORD OF LOVE
HEARTS UNFOLD LIKE FLOWERS BEFORE THEE
OPENING TO THE SUN ABOVE!

GOD OUR MOTHER
CHRIST OUR SISTER
ONWARD SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN
MOTHERLOVE IS REIGNING O'ER US
SISTERLOVE BINDS FEM TO FEM!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Welcome girls -- and boys! That was just wonderful! Now, let's all read this together...

ALL: WE-ARE-ALL-ONE-IN-THE-FAM-I-LY-OF-FEM-KIND!!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, that's very good. Now can anyone tell me what it means? (Hands go up.) Yes, Jessica ...

1ST GIRL: (Standing) It means God is our Mother and Christ is our Sister. (Sits.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: All right, that's a good start. But there's more, isn't there? (Hands are waving.) Who knows what else? Debby?

2ND GIRL: (Standing) It also means that if Christ is the Daughter of God and we live our lives the way Christ would, we can be daughters of God, too!

(Adam is looking out into the audience uneasily.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: That's what Christ promised us, didn't she. If we treat each other with ... (coaxing) ...what kind of love? (Scratching of heads, noisy thinking-sounds) Come on, now...AL-TO-GETHER--!

ALL: SIS-TER-LY LOVE!!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Right! We treat each person as if she were our very own sister. Then we truly belong to the family of Femkind.

ADAM: (Raises hand) Uh, I-uh, feel a little...well, funny.

2ND GIRL: You look funny. (Class titters.)

ADAM: I don't want sisterly love...I'm a malefem.

(Class hoots as ADAM quickly sits down.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: No, now quiet down. That's a very -- good, a very sincere question, Adam. But let me remind you that the Bible says, "And God created them, Fem and malefem created She them." So, you see, when we say "Femkind" we mean everybody. God created us both. She cares for us in just the same ways.

ADAM: But we're not the same.

(Class groans at his persistence. One girl turns to him, " Sit on it.")

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: That may well be, "We're not the same" -- but let's look back to the time our Creator fashioned us. She fashioned us differently because She had some very different, wonderful plans for us. Now who would like to read the Creation Story for us? Let's look at God's plan...

3RD GIRL: (Standing she reads from the "Bible.") In the beginning, God created the Heaven and the Earth. And the Earth was without form and void...And God said: Let us make Fems in our image, after our likeness, and we'll give them dominion over all the Earth. So God God created Fem in Her own image, in the image of God created She her...And after the MotherGod formed Fem, She created every beast and fowl and brought them all unto Fem. And whatever the Fem called each, that was its name forevermore...And the MotherGod said,

It is not good that the Fem should be alone; I will make a little helper for her. And She caused a deep sleep to come upon Fem and out of her belly She took a different creature and brought him unto her. And the Fem said, I will call him Male-fem, for out of the Fem he did come. And so it was decreed from that first day that the malefem should always come out of the Fem. For in her own image did the MotherGod create Fem."

ADAM: (Raises hand.) ...uh --

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, Adam...

ADAM: (Standing) Doesn't this go on to the story of the Bush of Knowledge? And how they weren't s'posed to eat of it ?

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, Adam...

ADAM: And how the malefem caused all the trouble when he disobeyed the MotherGod?

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Yes, Adam...

ADAM: And how it all happened because he was enticed by the Throbbing Donut Monster? Which is probably sexual symbolism --

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: (Alarmed) ADAM!

ADAM: (Faster) And is forever exiled from Paradise and has to suffer hard labor and involuntary swelling --

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: ADAM!! We all KNOW the STORY!! (More composed:) Now. Do you HAVE a question?

ADAM: Yeah. Wasn't this also written by FEMS? Only fems?

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: (Unsure, cautious) That is essentially correct...

ADAM: Well? Don't you see any connections?...Don't
obviously have their own interests in mind?
(CLASS tsks loudly, turning around to glare at him.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: (Indignant) I don't know WHAT you're driving a
young malefem, but I assure you the Bible is wr
by INSPIRED fems!

2ND GIRL: (Standing) BY GOD HERSELF!

1ST BOY: (Standing) FEMS INSPIRED BY GOD!! (He starts to
sit down, glaring at ADAM as if he were an embar
ment to their sex. His attitude is "I'm a malef
and even I know he's stupid." After a moment's
thought, this boy student straightens again and t
loudly:) WHATSA MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE FEMS?

END SCENE ONE

(Piano immediately to Faith of Our Fathers)